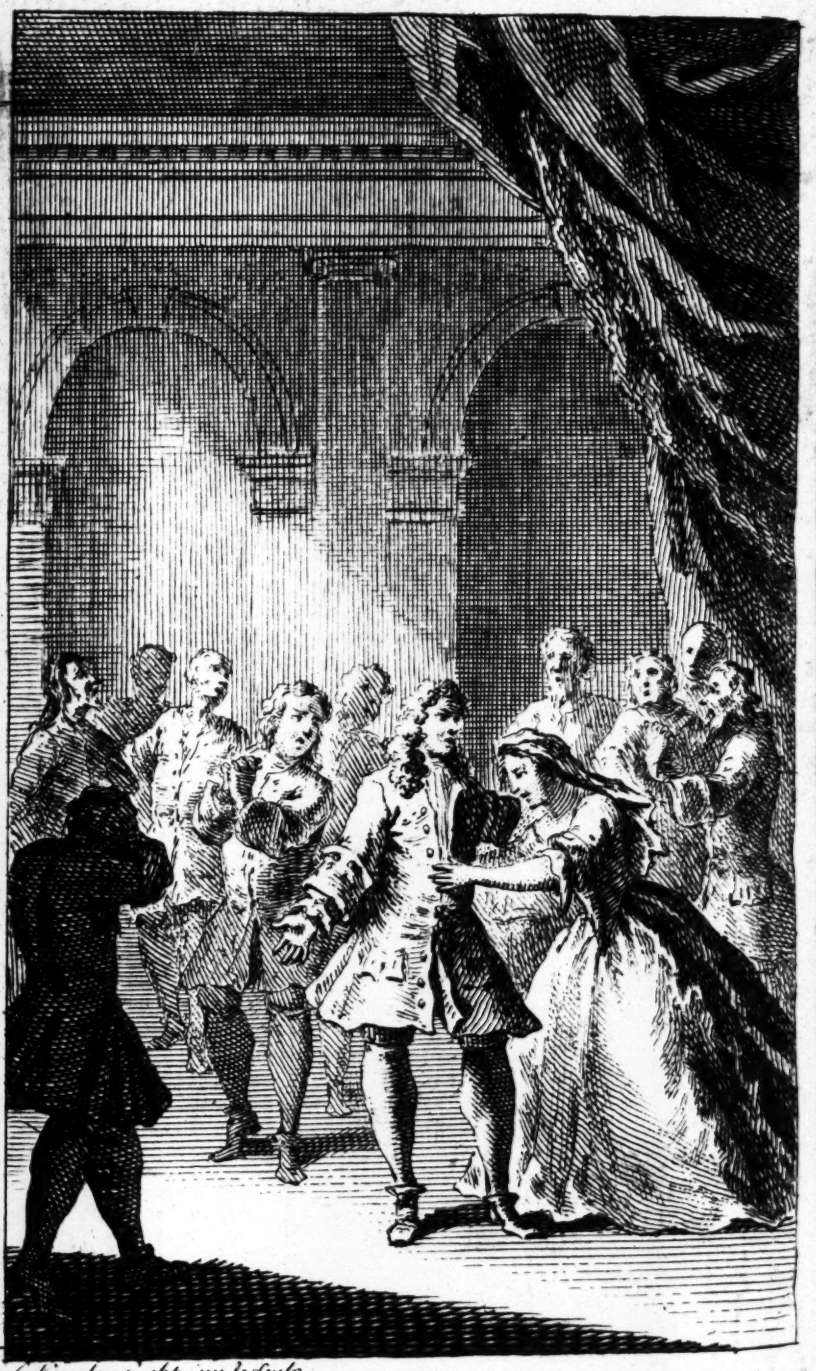
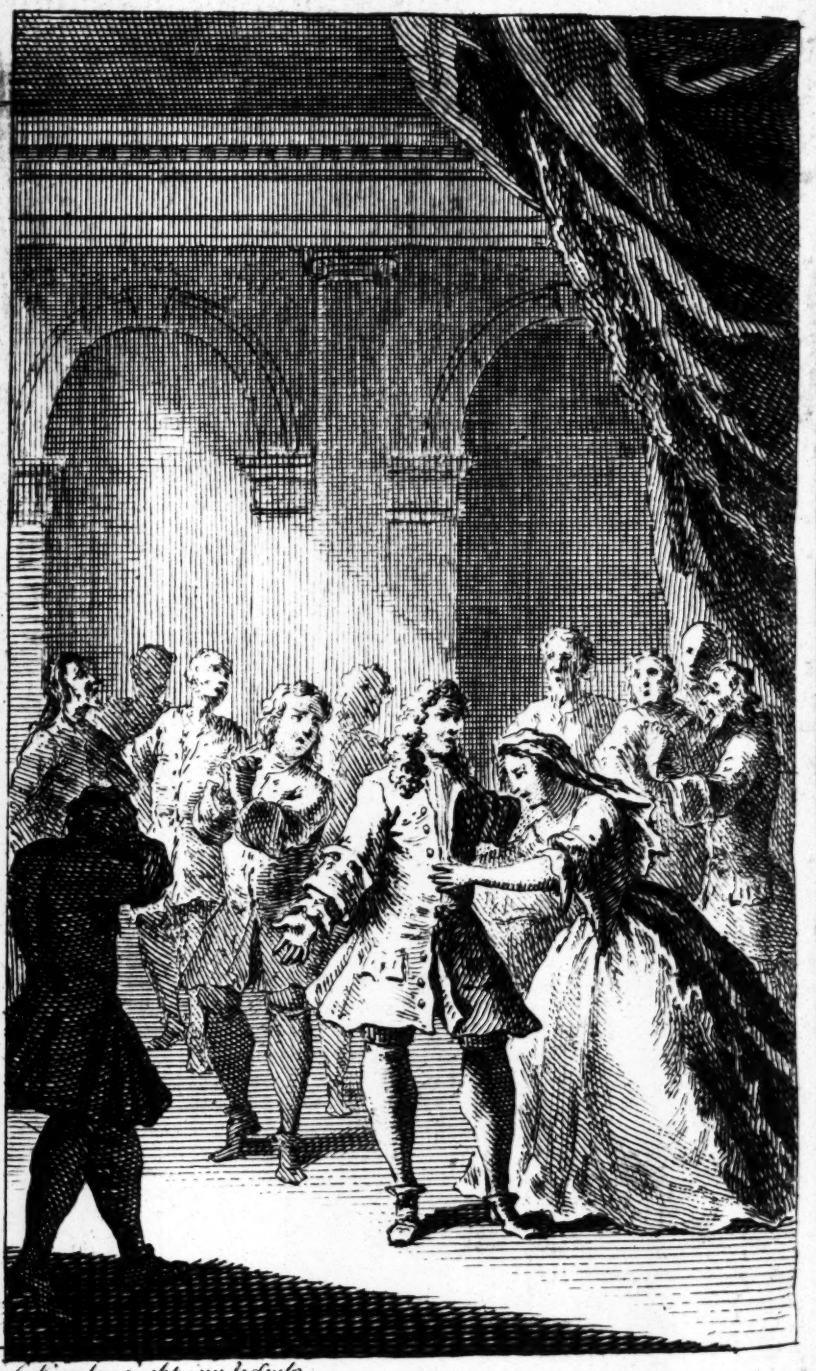


G. Vander gucht inv. & Sculp.



G. Vander gucht inv. & Sculp.

A

WIFE

WELL

MANAGD.

A

FARCE.

——— Mulier ſæviſſima tunc eſt,
Cum ſtimulos odio pudor admovet.
Juv. Sat. 10.

LONDON:
Printed for W. Feales, at *Rowe's-Head* the Corner of *Eſſex-Street*, *Strand*, 1737.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

DON Piſalto, Deſigned to have been repreſented	By Mr. Norris.
Father Bernardo.	By Mr. Shepherd.
Teague.	By Mr. Miller.

WOMEN.

Lady Piſalto.	Mrs. Baker.
Inis.	Miſs Younger.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SCENE, *Lisbon.*

A WIFE WELL MANAG'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lady Piſalto, *and* Inis.

Lady. AH, *Inis!* My Indiſpoſition is not to be cur'd.

Inis. Not without applying the proper Medicine I grant ye. —Well, had I ſuch a Confeſſor as Father *Bernarde* — I ſay no more — but I fancy, nothing wou'd trouble my Conſcience long.

Lady. What do you mean?

Inis. My Meaning depends upon yours, Madam; pray what do you mean by painting Father *Bernardo*'s Picture in every Room in the Houſe, at your Bed's head, your Toilet, at the Bottom of your Crucifix, at every Corner of your Handkerchief, nay upon your very Fan too, as if the Good Father, like the Traveller in the Fable, cou'd heat and cool at once?

Lady. Is there any harm in wearing a good Man's Picture? Is he not one of the Pillars of our Church? Eminent for declaiming againſt Heriſy and Schiſm, and fain wou'd reconcile the World to *Rome*'s pure Religion? Oh, they are bleſt that he Converts; happy the Pair, who e'er they be, that are in Wedlock joyn'd by him. Wou'd I had been one of thoſe.

Inis. If the Good Father has this healing Art, Why are you uneaſy? A little of his comfortable Conſolation wou'd revive the Colour in thoſe Cheeks, and give great Satisfaction to your Mind, or I have loſt my Judgment, and I don't uſe to be out in my Gueſs, where Love's the Riddle.

Lady. Well, ſince thou haſt hit my Diſtemper ſo exactly, Girl, I'll confeſs ingenuouſly to thee, I do love Father *Bernardo* to Diſtraction; but how to diſcover my Paſſion, or what Reception it may meet with when diſcover'd, is that which racks me.

Inis. A kind one I warrant you, Madam: For tho' Prieſts are forbid to marry, as a mortal Sin, Fornication was never reckon'd

more

more than Venial; and for Diſcovery, whilſt there's Pen, Ink, and Paper in the World, a Woman can never be at a Loſs to tell her Mind. Write to him Madam, write to him.

Lady. But who ſhall carry it?

Inis. Your *Iriſh* Footman; he's a ſimple honeſt Fellow, and may eaſily be manag'd; do you write your Letter, Madam, and I'll give him Inſtructions in the mean Time.

Lady. I'll do it this Minute. (*Exit Lady.*

(Inis *goes to the Door and calls,* Teague.

Enter Teague.

Teague. Well Mrs. *Inis*; What Commands have you for Teague now?

Inis. Do you think you can do a Meſſage cunningly, *Teague?*

Teague. Cunningly! Yes Faith, we are all ſo cunning now — What for a Meſſage is it?

Inis. It is a Letter for Father *Bernardo* at the Convent of St. *Francis*; if you do it handſomly, a Moidore is your Reward; do you hear, but if you make any Miſtake —

Teague. Hub, bub, hub, hu, Miſtake! No Faith won't I, Arra! An will you be after giving me the Moidore indeed, and by my Shoul now?

Inis. Upon Honour, no.

Teague. Arra, ſay no more now — I will be here agen in a Quarter of an Hour. (*going.*

Inis. But you muſt ſtay for the Letter.

Teague. No, no, 'tis no Matter; I have a

very clean Lettet in my Pocket which will do very well, upon my Shoul. *(going)* and ſave Time, yes Faith will it.

Inis. Ha, ha; no, no, *Teague*, that won't do; come along with me, and I'll give you the Letter; but if you ſhou'd meet my Maſter *Don Piſalto*, not a Word of the Letter for your Life —— And I charge you to give it into no Hands but the Prieſt's, and bring me an Anſwer, and then the Moidore is your own.

Teague. Faith will I. —— *(Exeunt.*

Re-enter Teague *with the Letter.*

Teague, Arra, 'pon my Shoul, I have forgot this plaguy Prieſt's Name —— Yes Faith have I —— Father *Bom*, *Bom*, *Bom*, —— By St. *Patrick* I don't know who to ask for now — Arra, What ſhall I do? —— Who the Devil ſhall I get to read the Outſide of this Letter now?

Enter Don Piſalto *behind him, and looks over his Shoulder on the Letter.*

Don Piſ. For Father *Bernardo.*

Tea. Oh, 'pon my Shoulvation dat is the Name now. *(turns quick upon* Don Piſalto. Ha, my Maiſtre! What ſhall I ſay now? *(Aſide.*

Don Piſ. Whither are you going with that Letter Sirrah? It is my Wife's Hand. *(Aſide.*

Tea. Ha ha, 'pon my Shoul, a very good Jeſt,

Jeſt; firſt reads the Direction, and then asks me whither it goes.

Don Piſ. It may not prove ſo good a Jeſt as you think, Sirrah —— Who gave you that Letter?

Tea. Arra Maiſtre, you are very uncivil now to enquire into other Folks Buſineſs, ſo you are; yes Faith are you.

Don Piſ. I ſhall be ſo very uncivil to break your Head Raſcal, if you don't anſwer me to the Purpoſe; give me the Letter you Dog you.

Tea. Faith won't I —— That's the Way to loſe the Moidore, which I am to have for carrying it.

Don Piſ. A Moidore for carrying it! Sure the Buſineſs muſt be very urgent, when the Poſtage is ſo dear. Give it me, I ſay, or, or, *(Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Tea. No pon my Shoul won't I.

Don Piſ. Won't you Sirrah! *(Draws and beats him.*

Tea. Arra, take the Letter *(throws it down)* Pox upon me, if I don't wiſh the Devil had you both, yes Faith do I; for poor *Teague* loſes his Moidore now, and Mrs. *Inis* will never ſend me of no more Arrands, no Faith won't ſhe.

Don Piſ. Inis, Ho! Did ſhe give it you —— *(Opens it.*

Tea. Yes indeed now, and I believe there is ſome very great Sin in the Letter now, that the Good Father was to ſend his Pardon for, ſo I do.

Don

Don. Piſ. Monſtrous! What do I ſee? Yes here is a Sin with a Witneſs — *(Reads)* 'Dear 'Father, you'll forgive me when I tell you, 'that the more I ſee you, the more I hate my 'Husband, *(very fine)* and the more I pray a-'gainſt Temptation, the more powerfully my 'Inclinations plead in your Behalf, *(Furies and 'Diſtraction.)* —— I implore your charitable 'Aſſiſtance to conquer this unruly Sin — *(Yes 'I'll help you with a Vengance to you)* —— No-'thing but your Company can prolong the Life 'of *Flora.* *(Say you ſo Miſtreſs?)* Very well. *Inis* gave you this Letter you ſay!

Tea. Yes Faith did ſhe —— Arra dear honny Maiſtre; an you have don with the Letter give it me now, that I may carry it to the Good Father, what de ye call him, or I ſhall loſe the Moidore, yes Faith ſhall I.

Don Piſ. Ha! A lucky Thought comes into my Head, and this Fellow's Simplicity is of Uſe: Hark ye, *Teague*, come you along with me, I am acquainted with Father *Bernardo*, I'll procure you an Anſwer to this Letter —— It is as you ſay, a Letter of Confeſſion, and I believe *Inis* might not perform Articles with you, if ſhe knew I had ſeen it; but take you no Notice of that, do you hear — And there is two Moidores for you Sirrah. *(Exit.*

Tea. Oh, by my Shoul *Teague* is dumb —— Now I ſhall have three Moidores; Faith this is a lucky Beating for poor *Teague*; now will I drink St. *Patrick*'s Health till I am as red as a Potato, yes Faith will I. *(Exit.*

Enter

Enter Father Bernardo.

Bernardo. I have had very odd Dreams to Night; methought I was in Bed with Lady *Piſalto* —— Ah, wou'd it was true, for ſhe is a charming Woman; by St. *Anthony* I never hear her Confeſſion, but my Virtue is much ſtagger'd; the Fleſh and Spirit hold ſtrong Contention; Oh, ſhe's a delicious Morſel.

Enter Don Piſalto.

Ha! Her Husband, I hope did not overhear me.

Don Piſ. So, I have diſpatch'd the *Iriſhman*. Ha! Father *Bernardo*, well met; I was going to your Convent; I have a Favour to ask of you.

Bern. You command me, Senior, *Piſalto*, pray what is it?

Don Piſ. Why I muſt deſire you to procure me a Habit of your Order for an Hour or two.

Bern. I hope you have no Enterprize in View, that may ſcandalize the Prieſthood.

Don Piſ. Fy, fy, does a Man of my Years give you Room for Suſpicion? Beſides, I am a married Man you know.

Bern. And to the moſt beautiful Lady in *Madrid* — A Religious, Virtuous Lady; Ah, you are a happy Man, Senior.

Don Piſ. A Curſe of the Happineſs — Her Virtue, and your Sanctity, Father, might have begot a Monſter, call'd a Cuckold, if For-

tune had not flung me in the Way to prevent it.

Bern. What ſay you, Senior!

Don Piſ. I ſay I am contented, Father.

Bern. Contented! Why another Man wou'd be tranſported, raviſh'd, nay almoſt guilty of Idolatry.

Don Piſ. Humph! There wou'd have been fine Work if they had come together; Oh, theſe Prieſts are full of Abſtinence, and Piety! (*Aſide*) If you'll oblige me with a Habit, let it be immediately, and I ſhou'd be proud if you'd give me your Company this Evening to ſup with my Wife and I; I'll aſſure you Father, ſhe has a profound Reſpect for you.

Bern. I am much oblig'd to her, Senior; I'll not fail to accept your kind Invitation: come along with me and I'll give you the Habit. — A profound Reſpect for me —— Oh, that it were Love. (*Aſide.*

Don Piſ. I'll ſend for them this Minute, Father; but now I muſt pay a Viſit to my virtuous Wife, and ſee how ſhe bears her Expectation.

'Mongſt all the Ills which clogg this Mortal Life,
The moſt acurſt, and vrieſt Plague is Wife. (*Exit.*

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Lady *reading a Letter*; Inis *following.*

Lady. He has anſwer'd me as I cou'd wiſh —— Dear, dear *Inis*, how ſhall I reward thee? Take

Take that in Earneſt of my future Kindneſs: He ſays he will come in the Twilight, which will ſoon be here, tho' not ſo ſoon as I cou'd wiſh it: —— He deſires, for Reaſons which he will give me, he ſays, to be admitted in the Dark, which Caution does not diſpleaſe me, ſince it will prevent the Confuſion I ſhou'd be in after ſuch a Declaration. —

Inis. He did that on purpoſe, Madam; he is a true Cavalier, and underſtands his Buſineſs to a Hair; he knows Darkneſs is neceſſary upon theſe Occaſions; it prevents a Lady's Bluſhes. — Ods heart, Madam, here's my Lord, I hear him cough.

Lady. Oh miſchevious Minute; — Here, here, run down the back Stairs, and burn that Letter immediately. (*Exit Inis.*

I'll to my Book. (*Sits down, and takes up a Book.*

Enter Don Piſalto.

Don Piſ. There ſhe ſits — as if ſhe knew nothing of the Matter, — a Cockatrice; — What always at thy Devotion, Figgup?

Lady. How can I paſs my Time better in your Abſence, Pudſey? Were it not for theſe good Books, I ſhou'd be very melancholy, when you are from me, Pudſey.

Don Piſ. Hell confound her for a deſembling Witch. (*Aſide.*

Lady. What ails my Pudſey? You look out of Humour with your nown Figgup, What have I done, ha?

Don

Don Pif. Nothing yet I hope; — But that's no Fault of her's.

Lady. Nay, what are you ſtudying for, Pud, ha!

Don Pif. Why if you muſt know, little Figgey, — then I'll tell thee; *Don Cammary* lays claim to Part of that Eſtate I bought laſt Year, and I muſt be oblig'd to leave my dear Figgup for two or three Hours this Evening, in Order to conſult my Lawyers about that Matter, that's all Figgey; —— And I was afraid thou ſhould'ſt take it ill of thy nown Pud.

Lady. Lucky beyond Expreſſion: (*Aſide*) No, no, Pud, I am not ſo unreaſonable neither; —— I can divert myſelf with my Books till thy Return. —— But do Puddey —— make all the Haſte you can to your nown Figgup ——

Don Pif. Ay, ay, more haſte than you wiſh I dare ſwear. (*Aſide*) That I will my Precious. —— (*Going.*

Lady. What never a parting Kiſs, Pudſey? Oh you don't love your Figgup! Go, go, you are a naughty Hubby; ——I, I, I, I, wiſh I cou'd love you leſs than I do, ſo I do.

(*Sobbing taking out her Handkerchief.*

Don Pif. Did ever Woman make a Cuckold with a better Grace? Ounds ſhe outdoes an *Engliſh* Wife. —— Nay don't weep Figgup; I'll ſtay with thee, let the Eſtate go how it will, rather than diſpleaſe my little Figgey. ——

Lady. Heaven forbid; that wou'd be carrying the Jeſt too far. (*Aſide*) No, no, I don't deſire that, Pud.

Don Pif. No, I dare ſwear it. (*Aſide.*

Lady.

Lady. Go; but give me a kind Kiss first, Pudsey.

Don Pis. Ah, you are a coaxing Baggage. *(Kisses her.*

Well, good-by, Figgey. *(Exit.*

Lady. Good-by, Pudsey— with all my Heart.

Enter Inis.

He is gone, Girl, most fortunately.

Inis. I overheard all, and wish you Joy of this lucky Opportunity.— Come, come, Madam, away to your Chamber, 'tis near the Time,—— and there contemplate on your coming Joy; whilst I, your Harbinger of Bliss, wait to conduct the Man that is to crown your Happiness.

Lady. I fly, I fly, Girl. *(Exeunt severally.*

SCENE *changes, and discovers Lady* Pisalto *leaning on a Couch.*

Lady. Bless me, what Noise was that! — my Heart akes horridly, lest this old Cuff shou'd return and prevent my charming Priest.

Enter Inis, *leading in Don* Pisalto *in a Priest's Habit.*

Inis. Fear nothing Father, strait forward is your Way to Happiness.

Don. Pis. A Happiness, I fear, will bode somebody no Good. Hist, hist, Daughter! Where are you? *(Exit Inis.*

Lady.

Lady. Ha! He's come, — here, here, my too charming Father; can you forgive a Woman's Weakneſs— (*groping about.*

Don Piſ. Common Frailties of Fleſh and Blood, (*groping about*) if thou haſt pray'd againſt it, thou haſt done thy Part, and we are bound to comfort thoſe that faint.

Lady. Oh, I have often pray'd, Father, but to no Purpoſe; you are the only Object of my Wiſhes; I bluſh, tho' in the Dark, to own how much I love you.—

Don Piſ. Come to my Arms, and hide thoſe Bluſhes in my Boſom. (*They meet and embrace.*) Is your Husband ſafe?

Lady. Safe enough, tho' long he will not ſtay; Fortune ſmil'd upon my Wiſhes, and call'd him luckily abroad.

Don Piſ. Then let us improve the little Time we have; thus let me cool the raging Fever in your Blood.

(*Catches hold of her Arms, and pulls out a Rope's End, and beats her ſoundly, ſhe roars out all the while.*

Lady. Oh! What do you mean, to murder me? Inhuman Monſter! Oh! Murder, Murder, Murder,— oh, oh, oh. (*falls on the Couch.*

Enter Inis.

Inis. Bleſs me! What's the Matter, Madam! (*Don* Piſalto *turns and beats her.*

Don Piſ. Only adminiſtring a little Penance, Miſtreſs; it won't be amiſs to beſtow a little Charity upon you too.

Inis.

Inis. The Devil take you, and your Penance too, you old ſanctify'd Dog you: Thieves, Thieves; I'll have you equip'd for the Opera, Sarrah, I will ſo: A Light there, a Light, here's Thieves in the Houſe—— Oh, oh, Murder, Thieves,—— my Lady's murder'd.———

Don Piſ. I muſt not ſtay for a Light, leaſt they diſcover who I am:— One farewel Stroke—— And now remember your Benefactor, Miſtreſs Baud. (*Exit.*

Inis. Yes; I ſhall remember with a Vengeance.

Enter Teague *with a Candle.*

Tea. Arra by my Shoul what is de Matter now? Is de Houſe haunted? Has de great Devil and de little Devil put de Fright upon you both together now?

Lady. Begone impertinent Fool.

Tea. Fool! Pon my Shoul *Iriſhmen* are no Fools; —— By St. *Patrick*, we make Fools of de very great many *Engliſh*; yes Faith and of de *Spaniards* too.

Inis. Get out Sirrah, or I'll fling the Candle at your Head.

Tea. Arra, Pox take your ugly Face, and him that would put a Kiſs upon't, for *Teague*. (*Exit.*

Lady. Oh, I am kill'd, *Inis!* This curſed Prieſt has kill'd me.

Inis. Was there ever ſuch a Monſter? I dare ſwear I am black from Head to Foot, he laid on moſt unmercifully; —— Well my Mind miſgives

misgives me, this Priest is no Man, this feels like an occasional Correction.

Lady. Occasional, do you call it? I'm sure he has given me Occasion to remember it this Twelve-Month.

(*Don* Pisalto *within.*

Don Pis. Figgup, why Figgup—— where are you Child?

Lady. Ah Heaven, my Husband's Voice—— return'd so soon! What shall I say for my Indisposition?

Inis. Oh Invention! Where art thou?

(*Pauses.*

Enter Don Pisalto.

Don Pis. What, asleep little Figgy?

Inis. Asleep, Senior, no, no, alas my poor Lady had like to have been kill'd since you went.

Don Pis. Kill'd! As how? You make me tremble.

Inis. Going down Stairs, her Foot slipt, and down she tumbled from Top to Bottom, and bruis'd herself so sadly, that she is not able to stir a Finger; it is a Mercy she was not kill'd outright.

Lady. Excellent Wench. (*Aside*

Don Pis. Here's a pure Jade at Invention—— They say the Devil's a Lyar, but I'll be hang'd if this Wench won't out-lye the Devil.—— I'm heartily sorry for this Misfortune, poor dear Figgy;—— but I hope thou hast not broke any Bones, my dear Figgup.

Lady.

Lady. But I am much hurt, *Pudſey.*

Don Piſ. I'm ſorry for't; for I have invited Father *Bernardo* to ſup with us; I met him hard-by here, and brought him back with me,—— becauſe I know he is Favourite with my Figgy.

Inis. Not ſo great a Favourite as he was, if you knew all. (*Aſide.*

Lady. I beg you wou'd excuſe me, *Pudſey*, I cannot come down; beſides I have no Stomach.

Inis. No! The Prieſt has given her and me Supper enough, more than we can digeſt this Twelve-month. (*Aſide.*

Don Piſ. Well, if thou can'ſt not eat, there's no more to be ſaid. Take Care of your Lady, *Inis.*— We'll drink thy Health little *Figgup.*

(*Exit.*

Lady. My Heart riſes at the Villain; if I ſhou'd ſee him, I think in my Soul I ſhould tear his Eyes out. Oh that I cou'd be reveng'd.

Inis. Reveng'd! What Revenge cou'd you take bad enough, Madam? 'Tis impoſſible to find Revenge equal to the Affront; a Rope's End to a Lady that expected —— I cou'd flea him alive, ſo I cou'd. (*In a Paſſion.*

Lady. My Head akes grievouſly.

Inis. Let me cover you up upon the Bed, Madam; a little Sleep will ſettle your Head agen.

(*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes.*

——— *Enter Don* Piſalto *and Prieſt.*

Bern. Your Lady poſſeſt ſay you?

Don Piſ. 'Tis even ſo, Father; I left her well, and ſound in her Senſes, I thought, about two Hours ago; but now ſhe raves, calls Names, fights, and talks of being beat by every Body that comes near her.

Bern. Poor Lady, I am exceeding ſorry; I'll take Care ſhe ſhall be pray'd for by the whole Convent.

Don Piſ. I wiſh you wou'd ſee her, Father, perhaps your Ghoſtly Admonition might do her Good. Men of your Holy Function have Power over unclean Spirits; pray, try what you can do for her.

Bern. Withal my Heart, but I have no Holy Water about me; — nothing frights the Devil like Holy Water, — thence comes the Proverb, you know.

Don Piſ. I can help you to ſome, pleaſe to walk this Way, Father. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes, and diſcovers Lady* Piſalto, *on a Couth, aſleep.*

Enter Prieſt, ſets a Baſon of Water on the Table— Don Piſalto *liſt'ning.*

Bern. Peace be here—— Ha! She ſleeps: — How invitingly ſhe lies? Why what a deli-

cious

cious Morſel has this old ſapleſs *Log* every Night to ſnoar over.

Don Piſ. Well ſaid, Prieſt; —— Oh this is a Holy Man; no Wonder he's the Women's Favourite.——

Bern. I feel a ſtrange Diſorder on the Sudden,— my Pulſe beats quick, and every Senſe ſeems raviſh'd at this Object.—— Ha! We are alone,— What hinders me to make Uſe of this Opportunity? ——

Don. Piſ. Zounds, I ſhall be cuckolded before my Face.

Bern. Beſides, none dare to preſs upon our Privacy,—— we have that Advantage above the Laity; I'll try; if ſhe ſhould prove virtuous, and reſiſt, the Noiſe will paſs upon her Husband, as the Effect of her Poſſeſſion; for I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, ſhe is not mad indeed, and only puts it on to avoid the Embraces of that Skeleton, unfit for a Woman of her Youth and Fire.

Don Piſ. Well, for a thorough-pac'd Whoremaſter, commend me to a Prieſt, I ſay.

Bern. I'll try I'm reſolv'd.

(*Steals ſoftly to the Couch and kiſſes her.*

Don Piſ. Very well,—— Zounds, I ſhan't contain myſelf.——

Bern. Rapture! Her very Lips gives Extaſy! —— She ſleeps very ſound—— once more.

(*Goes to kiſs her again, and ſhe lifts up her Eyes and ſees him.*

Lady. I dreamt! Ha! Bleſs me, the Monſter's

ſter's here! Oh that I could look him dead.—

(*Going to riſe*, Bernardo *ſtops her, and kneels.*

Bern. Oh do not riſe my charming Angel, let me feaſt my Eyes upon that lovely Face, the perfect Image of the Bleſt above.

Lady. Do not inſult me, thou ungrateful Traytor! Do not.

Bern. What means my Charmer? Oh forgive my raſh Proceeding, and blame your Eyes, thoſe dear bewitching Eyes, for all that I have done.

(*Kiſſes her in Extaſy.*

Lady. Off Monſter, Devil, worſe, if worſe can be, than Devil, thou very Prieſt.——

Don Piſ. Excellent, it works now as I wou'd have it.——

Lady. You thought you had kill'd me, I ſuppoſe,—— but you ſhall find, I live to tear your Eyes out, Monſter.

(*Flies up and pulls his Head off, and beats him.*

Bern. Help, Help, Help, bleſs me! She is really poſſeſt.

Enter Inis *with a Stick.*

Inis. Ha! You are here agen, Old Belzebub! but I'll be even with you now, I will ſo.

(*Lays on upon the Prieſt.*

Don. Piſ. Ha, ha, I ſhall dye with Laughing.

Bern. What do you mean, Madam, pray be calm, I wou'd comfort you.

Inis. As how, pray, Father? I am much miſtaken

miſtaſten if you have any Thing that can comfort a Lady.

Bern. Oh Wickedneſs! Have I nothing that can comfort a Lady?

Lady. Yes, Villain, I can ſhow your Marks of Comfort, I can ſo; but I'll be reveng'd on thee, I will. (*beats him.*

Inis. Yes, and I can ſhow 'em too; this for my Lady, this for myſelf. (*beats him.*

Don Piſ. Ha, ha, O rare Figgup, O rare *Inis.*

Bern. Bleſs me! By St. *Anthony* they are both poſſeſt; the Maid has caught her Frenzy too, *in Nomine Domine.*——

(*Runs to the Table, and catches up the Holy Water, and flings, firſt on one, then on the other.*

Don Piſ. Ha, ha, O rare Prieſt, ha, ha.

Lady. I'll *Nomine Domine* you. You had better have hang'd yourſelf in your Rope's End, than have uſed it about me, I'll make it a dear Beating to you, Sirrah.

Bern. Oh *Maria Mater ora pro nobis.*

(*Flings Water ſtill.*

Lady. Ah! He'll drown me.——

Bern. Avant Satan, I conjure thee, by St. *Anthony*, St. *Bridget*, and our Lady of *Loretta.*

—— (*Flings Water.*

Inis, (*Strikes down the Baſon, and breaks it.*)— What, ho, a Rape, a Rape, I'll cant you, I'll have you hang'd; —— I'll ſhew the World the Jewel they doat on: I ſaw you when you wou'd

wou'd have raviſh'd my Lady,—— thou Monſter of Iniquity.

Bern. Mercy on me, the Devil is very ſtrong in them both.

Enter Don Piſalto.

Don Piſ. Ha, ha, I muſt releaſe the Prieſt, or they'll murder him between them.—— Oh the Rage of a diſappointed Woman.—— What's the Matter here? Pray, Father, withdraw, I am heartily ſorry for your ill Treatment, it is their Height of Frenzy you ſee, Father; I'll wait upon you in the next Room immediately, you can do them no Good I ſee, Father.

Bern. Alas Senior, they are ſo ſtrongly poſſeſt, that no one Man can deal with them both. (*Exit.*

Inis. Will you let him go, Senior? Why he would have raviſh'd my Lady, if I had not cry'd out.

Don Piſ. No, Miſtreſs, you cry'd out becauſe he had not raviſh'd your Lady.—— Go troop, Miſtreſs, I'll reckon with you within. (*Exit* Inis.

And now, Madam, for you.—— Do you know this Letter?

Lady. Ha! My Letter to Father *Bernardo*! the Villain has betray'd me!—— and I'm undone! (*Aſide.*

Don Piſ. Why don't you anſwer me? What, are you dumb? Then I muſt fetch you to your Speech with this. (*Pulls out a Dagger.*

Lady. Ah! defend me Heaven. (*falls on her Knees.*)

(*Kneels.* But why name I Heaven? —— I have offended that in wronging you, tho' but in Thought; —— Oh forgive me, have Pity on my Youth, and let me live: Puniſh me as ſeverely as you pleaſe; let even him who has betray'd me, name my Penance, and then I'm ſure it will be harſh enough; whate'er it be, I will perform it moſt religiouſly.

Don Piſ. I melt; —— the cunning Baggage knows her Power.——

Lady. Oh! Do, Pudſey do; won't you forgive your nown Figgup? Can you pierce this Boſom you have kiſs'd ſo often, and ſee your Figgey's Blood run trickling down?

Don Piſ. I am conquer'd; I can hold no longer.—— Riſe Figgup, for this Time I will forgive thee; but on Condition you ne'er ſee your Ghoſtly Father more; no more Harangues in Praiſe of his Sanctity, and Holineſs of Life; Do you hear, Figgey?

Lady. No, never, indeed, Pudſey.

Don Piſ. Take heed; for if again I catch you faulty, look to it, expect no Pardon.

Lady. *No, when I am, may I your Pardon miſs,*
Since you ſo generouſly forgive me this.

Don Piſ. *When Wives, like mine, gives Inclination Scope,*
No Cure for Cuckoldom like Oyl of Rope.

FINIS.

B